THE Numb. 39.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From Monday October 3, to Wednesday October 5, 1709.

THE City having in ſo great a Meaſure been the ſubject of this Paper, ſev'ral Strangers have fancy'd Mrs. *Crackenthorpe* lives at that end of the Town, yet notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid, nay ev'n the Noiſy Paper of Deputy *Buſtle* and his Daughter, the City Quality from being Ridiculous are now grown Monſtrous; nothing can be a greater Jeſt to Men of Quality, than to ſee a Citizen Coach'd to *Windſor* to be Knighted; nor to Women of Birth, than to obſerve how awkardly the Title of *my Lady* ſits upon Mrs. *Fribble*, Mrs. *Bisket*, Mrs. *Doodle*, and Mrs. *Wiſeacre*, and the Comical Behaviour of ſuch Creatures upon their being *diſtinguiſh'd*; but when Mrs. *Tinſy*, Mrs. *Taffety*, and Mrs. *Taplaſh* arrive at *Gold Chains*, have *Officers* to attend 'em, or a *Page for a Year*, *Victory* to a *Soldier*, *Gold* to a *Miſer*, or *fine Thoughts* to a *Poet*, put 'em not into ſo great a *Raptnre*. The *Rheniſh Family*, who have admir'd themſelves for a Twelvemonth paſt, are a *merry* Inſtance of this Matter; Sir *Richard Rheniſh* has look'd bigger than he really is; the *Squire*, whoſe *Sword and blue Apron* alternately *grac'd him*, and whoſe *Perfections* lie in ſhooting himſelf down three pair of Stairs, with the Dexterity of a *Diver*, and who flouriſhes you out a Dozen Glaſſes of Wine, with the ſame eaſe, as a *Penman* commands a *true Lovers Knot*, being *Countenanc'd* by *Magiſtracy*, ſtole a *Fortune* of Four Thouſand Pounds; but my Lady, *Libera Nos Domine*, is one of the moſt extraordinary Pieces; no *Stage-Queen* was ever finer, no *City-Queen* ever prouder, nor *Puppet-Queen* ever more ridiculous. At their late *Feaſt*, her Ladyſhip diſplay'd her ſelf moſt wonderfully, and was only out of Humour to hear ſo much Wine call'd for, and none ſcor'd at the Bar: She gave ev'ry body a *Superbe* account of the Management of her Family, and the unparallel'd Perfections of her Children, and thoſe that did n't think *Miſs. Sally* ſomething *dropt out of the Clouds*, were wonder'd atfor having no Buſineſs there, and ask'd who Invited 'em. *Miſs Sally*'s Accompliſhments were this Year very prejudicial to the *Confectioners*, for ſhe made all the Jellies, and her Ladyſhip ſtalk'd round the Hall, ——*Gentlemen and Ladies, pray taſte of the Jellies, I aſſure you they are all of* Miſs. Sally*'s own doing, I have bred her to the very Art of Houſewifry; not but ſhe Sings and Dances, and is now learning* Dutch; *and tho' we are ſo ſtraiten'd for Room, that* Miſs. Sally*'s forced to lie in a Pallet at the Feet of the Bride and Bridegroom, which is very inconvenient, yet her Father will make her a topping Fortune, and I hope to ſee her a Lady as well as my ſelf.* The Gentlemen burſt out a laughing, the City Ladies cramm'd Napkins in their Mouths, till they had like to have been choak'd, and ſome of the better ſort, who thought it ill Manners to be kindly treated, and make a Jeſt of their *Hoſteſs*, almoſt ſtruggl'd themſelves into Convulſion Fits. The Vanity of the Rheniſh Family is inexpreſſible; when the Husband went to *Windſor*, the Wife ſat perfectly upon *Cow-itch* till his return, and hearing ſome Ship Guns go off, concluded, they were thoſe of the *Tower*, that her Husband was juſt then *dubb'd*, and order'd the Servants to give her the Title due to her: The Husband coming thro' *Hounſlow*, call'd upon a Relation to acquaint her with his Dignity, and ask'd Pardon for not ſaluting her, his Lady having ſtrictly enjoyn'd him, that as he had her *Maidenhead*, ſhe ſhou'd have the *Maidenhead* of his Honour.—— Now wou'd any body ſuppoſe, when *Tatlers* are daily publiſh'd, that People ſhou'd be ſo horrid ſilly; but as the Ingenious Mr *Bickerſtaff* ſays, One may write to Eternity, the World is ſtill the ſame: Mrs. *Buſtle* brazen'd out the Paper at the Door, gives her ſelf more Airs at Church than ever, and will ſit above her next Door Neighbour, who is a Gentlewoman by Birth, and whoſe Husband is a Hundred Thouſand Pound Man. The Parſon in *S——k Goſſips* ſtill, Mr *Sately* is as affected as ever, and none but Sir *Samuel Slender* and He has had ſo modeſt a Senſe of his Faults, as to go out of Town, upon finding 'em expos'd.

P. S. *Sir* R——, *his Lady*, *Miſs* Sally, *and their whole Equipage in their* Body Coach, his Travelling Charriot not being yet bought, *have been pleas'd ſince the writing of this, to go out of Town yeſterday for the Air, or ſome other Conſiderations; wherefore it is deſir'd of the Young* Squire, *to take all convenient ſpeed to tranſmit this Paper to them, that is written on purpoſe to tranſmit* His *and* Their *Names to Poſterity.*

Lady Dainty, who is extreamly apprehenſive of every body below her ſelf, paying me a Viſit laſt Drawing-Room Night, was on a ſudden taken very ill; there being a prodigious Aſſembly, I fancy'd the Heat overcame her; but when *Sal Volatile* had a little reviv'd her, I found her Ladyſhip's Indiſpoſition proceeded from *ſmelling a Tradeſman's Wife in the Room.* This Accident gave us a new *turn* of Converſation, and a general Complaint was made, that the *proſperous Vulgar* take ſo much upon them in *Dreſs*, *Air*, *Equipage* and *Viſiting*, that People of Rank are hardly diſtinguiſh'd from *Upſtart Pretenders*; nor can they propoſe a *Baſſet* or *Dancing Bout*, without an *Allay* of ſuch *Interloping* Mechanicks, who are Creatures that ought to go to *Bed*, when People of Faſhion *Riſe*. If they once get a knack of pleaſing their *Betters* with *Novelties*, the Buſineſs of whoſe Life is *Amuſement*, and can Tongue-pad themſelves into a Reputation, they immediately get Eſtates, and pretend to look Folks in the Face. We have our *Quality Midwives* that keep Coaches, *Quality Mantua-*

makers

makers that carry home *Jumps* in *Chairs*, nay ev'n *Quality Waiting Women*, that won't ſtir without a Hackney and a Footman. To Viſit ſome of theſe *Mock-Genteels*, has given me no ſmall Diverſion; their talk of *what horrid Company there was at the Play, what an ungenteel Supper my Lady* Fuſſock *gave 'em; that Salt-Spoons are out of Faſhion, and Shovels are come in; and how eternally they are ſent for by this Counteſs, and that Dutcheſs*, ſhew, that they are either Subſervient to the private Pleaſures of the *Great*, or that ev'ry Chariot they bridle in, the Lady of it is very deep in their Books: Amongſt the reſt Mrs. *Flounce the Mantua Lady* near *Surry-Street*, is allow'd perfectly to underſtand her Trade; ſeveral *Dear Creatures* have been *dreſt* and *undreſt* at her Houſe; She knows the nicety of the Mode, and thinks her ſelf perfectly well bred in having a Mortal Hatred for her Huſband; Poor *Flatbottom*, as the Neighbours have Nicknam'd him, is ſo *Henpeck'd*, becauſe Madam maintains him, that he's forc'd to ask pardon on his Knees for light Offences, and the Gentleman that tips him half a Crown to ſupport his Spirits with a Glaſs of *Burton*, muſt be truly *Noble*, who not only generouſly relievs him, but employs his Wife, an induſtrious Woman, that makes *Night-Gowns* for Gentlemen, as well as *Roppers* for Ladies. About a Month paſt, Madam turns away her Maid, and honeſt *Flatbottom* has *clean'd her Houſe, waſh'd her Diſhes, and been her Man-Cook ever ſince*, while ſhe Sowing on her Furbulows, *Sings, I was born of a Royal Race*, and Quotes the following Lines out of *Nature will prevail*.

Wiſe Heav'n in pity to our Sex deſign'd
Fools for the laſt Relief of Woman kind;
Two marry'd Wits no quiet can enjoy,
Two Fools together wou'd the Houſe deſtroy.
So Providence to Level Humane Life,
Made the Fool *Husband, for the* Witty *Wife.*

'Tis Scandolous for a Man to uſe his Wife ill, but for a Woman to Tyrannize, 'tis Monſtrous, their Virtue is very juſtly ſuſpected, and if the Surgeon's Wife near *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, who beats her Little Husband, opens Letters not fit for a Woman to ſee, and thinks her Neighbours have no more Modeſty than her ſelf, don't mend her Manners, her Character will be Publiſh'd at large

N. B. In our laſt Octob. 3. *read* different Things *for* indifferent, *in the firſt Column of the ſecond Page.*

*** *Accounts having come to Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *of many* Fore-ſtallers *and* Engroſſers *of* Corn *from ſeveral Hands, ſhe now gives Notice, ſhe is compiling a Liſt of ſuch People as are guilty of theſe Indirect and Cruel Practices, and deſires ſuch of her Correſpondents as have any Intimations of that kind, to communicate 'em with all ſpeed to her, ſince that Method is grown ſo univerſal, as to make her think it may render it* Alphabetical

*** *The Beau Tradeſman near* Milk-ſtreet, *who publickly pretends to ſo much Virtue and Sobriety, is deſired to let his Neighbours Maids alone.* Betty *the Black*, Mary *the Brown*, Joan *the Blowze, nay ev'n the great Red-hair'd Wench in* Cheapſide, *make horrid Complaints againſt him; he is ev'ry Night purring about the Streets, hawling Damſels into Taverns, and has more Inclination to a Straw Hat, or a Round-about-Apron, than to his Wife, who is allow'd to be the prettieſt Woman in the Pariſh.* Note, *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *deſires, that ev'ry Woman in the Pariſh, who will naturally think her ſelf the handſomeſt, not to Quarrel with her Husband about this Advertiſement.*

*** *Whereas Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *has receiv'd many Letters, which are improper for the Deſign of this Paper, and has lately exaſperated a very* valuable *Perſon, by ſetting up his waſte Paper by way of Auction: This is to acquaint thoſe whom it may concern, that ſhe has done nothing to him but what ſhe would allow ſhould be done to her ſelf. Wherefore ſhe appoints an immediate* Sale *to be held this Evening (for they won't bear reading to Morrow) at the* Red Croſs *before-mentioned, of all ſuch Notices and Intelligencies ſhe has receiv'd not fit for her Purpoſe; and all Perſons Studious of ſuch Inelegant Requeſts, are requir'd* then *and* there *to* attend, *in perſuance of this Advertiſement.*

*** *The* French *Linnen-Draper near* Pall-Mall, *muſt expect to hear from us about the Hackney Coachman, unleſs he bates a little of his Pride, and avoids Characterizing People above him. As he was formerly* Footboy *to a certain Lady, he may ſtill keep his* Office of Intelligence *in helping the* Fraternity *to Places; but if he pretends to any better Society, or to Satyrize, tho in* broken Engliſh, *he'll certainly be* Kidnapt *on Board the* Scoundrel Galley.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ENgliſh Cephalick Snuff, which gives immediate eaſe to the Tooth-ach, it inſtantly removes Drowſineſs, Giddineſs and Vapours. In Deafneſs it's a certain Remedy, as alſo Noiſe in the Ears; it cures Stoppages and Colds in the Head, or any Humours in the Eyes. It helps very much dimneſs of Sight, prevents Apoplexy and Falling-Sickneſs; in ſhort, Thouſands can Teſtify the Benefit which they have received by this Incomparable Snuff. To be had only at Jacobs Coffee-Houſe behind the Royal Exchange, Price Six Pence the Paper with Directions

THE Royal Chymical Waſh Ball for the Hands and Face, Six Years experienced and daily commended by all that uſe them and that for making the Skin ſo delicately ſoft and ſmooth, as not to be paralled'd by either Waſh, Powder, Coſmetick, &c, it being indeed a real Beautifyer of the Skin, by taking off all Deformities, as Tetters, Ring-Worms, Morphew, Sun-Burn, Scurf, Pimples, Pits or Redneſs of the Small-Pox, &c. keeping it of a laſting and extream Whiteneſs it ſoon alters red or rough Hands; and is admirable in Shaving the Head, which not only gives a more exquiſite ſharpneſs to the Razor, but ſo comforts the Brain and Nerves, as to prevent catching Cold; and is of a grateful and pleaſant Scent, without the leaſt Grain of Mercury Is ſold only by *Mr. Allan, Glover, the corner of Popes-Head-Alley, againſt the Royal-Exchange, and at Mrs. Giles's, Milliner and Toyſhop, next Hercules-Pillar-Alley, by the Temple, at 1 s. each, with printed Directions at large; and to prevent Counterfeits, is ſold no where elſe in England.*

*** The Charitable Surgeon: Or, the beſt Remedies for the worſt Maladies, reveal'd; altogether without Mercury, and wholly new in Method and Practice, wherein both Sexes may with privacy and ſmall Charge without any other Advice, or being expoſed to Quacks, cure themſelves of thoſe Diſtempers, which, (if neglected are dangerous as well as Ignominious. By T. C. Surgeon. Sold by E. Curl Bookſeller, remov'd to the Dial and Bible againſt St Dunſtan's Church in Fleet ſtreet Pr. 1

DR Clark, Phyſician and firſt Sworn Oculiſt in Sallary to K. Charles and K. James II. having within theſe 3 Months brought to ſight the Lady Yallop, Mr Smith's Child, born blind; Mr Lock; and more than 70 beſides in and about Norwich; his Opthalmick Secret, being experienced by more than 1000 People cured of the Gutta Serena; that is, when the Eyes ſeem fair as thoſe who ſee, yet are blind; it infallibly diſſolves Suffuſions, the Seed of Cataracts, and takes away Dimneſs, Miſts, Flies, Gnats, Sparks, Cobwebs, and other falſe Appearances, Symptoms of approaching Blindneſs, if not timely prevented. This excellent means may be had by a Meſſenger, or writing a true State of the Caſe, and conveyed into any remote part, (with other proper Remedies for all Diſeaſes incident to the Eyes) from his Houſe in Old Southampton Buildings, Holbourn; a Golden Head over the Door.

An immediate CURE for the Vapous and Melancholy.

NOt only inſtant help (for Spirit of Hartſhorn, and many other Common Remedies, will abate the Symptoms and take off a Fit) but a perfect Cure, ſo as not to return again, and that by only a few Days taking it; it being a Medicine ſo adapted as to Eradicate the very Cauſe, tho never ſo grounded, or of never ſo many years ſtanding. Some perhaps may look upon this impoſſible, but it is a certain Truth, as all that try it, will find to their Satisfaction, there not being the like one Medicine, for Perfect, Safe and, quick Cure in the whole World. It is ſold for 5 s. a Bottle (which is generally enough to Cure any one Perſon) at Mr N. Crouch's a Bookſeller, at the Bell in the Poultry over againſt Grocers Alley near Cheapſide, with Directions.

WHereas many People are afflicted with divers Diſtempers proceeding from the Heat of the Liver, ſuch as Ruby Faces, Red Noſes, Flushing Heats in the Face, Blotches, Spots, Scurfe, Breakings out, Heat in the Palm of the Hands and Soles of the Feet, Sore Mouths, Sore Eyes and the like. This is to give Notice, that a Chymical pleaſant Medicine is to be had, which infallibly takes away the Cauſe, and cures without Bleeding, Purging, Dyet Drinks, or any of the common Methods; at Mr Spooner's at the Golden Half-Moon Lemon-ſtreet, in Goodmans Fields near White Chappel, Pr. 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.

THe Grand Chymical Anti-Scorbutick, or Drops for the Scurvy. The Surprizing effects of this Medicine, has gained it ſuch an Univerſal Reputation, that vaſt quantities are yearly diſpoſed of in Foreign Countries, as well as here in England, and what is daily uſed by numbers of Phyſicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries in their Practice, and found to be the only certain Remedy for eradicating the moſt inveterate Scurvy, attended with the worſt of Symptoms; as Spots, Blotches, Itches, Eroſion and Bleeding of the Gums, Breakings out of the Skin, Numbneſs, Wearineſs, Pains, &c. carries of gently the Salt ſharp Humours without Confinement, or the leaſt Diſorder, and for maintaining the Appetite, cauſing good Digeſtion, Puryfying the Blood, and rendring the Body lively and vigorous, is not to be exceeded in the whole Republick of Medicines. Is to be had only at Jacob's Coffee-houſe, againſt the Angel and Crown in Threadneedle-ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle with Directions.